

WOMAN AND THE HOME—PRIZES OFFERED FOR ORIGINAL IDEAS AND SUGGESTIONS

THE SCALP-COLLECTOR
By ELLEN ADAIR



A Certain Feminine Hobby

There is a type of young woman who glories in the number of scalps she can collect, and who follows this pleasing pursuit with an ardor that would be worthy of a better cause. No scientist in the realm of zoology has set forth his specimens with a keener enthusiasm and triumphantly attached their individual labels with a greater pride than does the scalp-collector at adorning her vanity and detail them in catalogue.

For the scalp-collector, like all other scientific collectors, loves to examine her specimens, to keep them on view, and to parade them for the benefit of sight-seers. Other girls may cultivate hobbies in the way of sport, literature, science, and all the rest of it. But the scalp-collector considers that she towers superior to all such enthusiasts for does not her hobby include every other one under the sun? Sport? What sport can come up to the game of science, the war of wits, to the truly diplomatic touch she calls into play for the day of her glory? Little excites her, as well as her hobby, she declares, has more genuine science in it than all the "ologies" in the world.

The scalp-collector is almost always endowed with a good mentality. Her profession demands it. Moreover she has an unlimited supply of that peculiar quality popularly known as "nerve." She certainly needs it in the exercise of her undoubted talents. Many a brilliant woman would be a confirmed scalp-collector were it not for a lack of this so-called "nerve."

The scalp-collector has been sometimes confused with the love-plate. This is a mistake. The scalp-collector comes out and fights in the open, where the love-plate employs a shady sort of strategy that the former would avoid. The scalp-collector may employ strategy for her own ends, but she acts more "on the square" towards other women than does the love-plate. If a young woman appropriates any man upon whom she is straying fancy alights, he is married or single, while the scalp-collector will, generally speaking, confine her work and her love to the single man. True, she regards

Suggestions From Readers of the Evening Ledger
PRIZES OFFERED DAILY

For the following suggestions sent in by readers of the Evening Ledger prizes of \$1 and 50 cents are awarded.

All suggestions should be addressed to Ellen Adair, Editor of Women's Page, Evening Ledger, Independence Square, Philadelphia.

A prize of \$1 has been awarded to Miss Alice Connor, Box 568, East Syracuse, N. Y., for the following suggestion.

My niece uses Egyptian scarfs for house decoration, now that they are no longer worn. In her living room she has put a beautiful white and silver one on her upright piano as throw, and a similar one as runner on the mahogany centre table beneath an ivory lamp. In a yellow light these scarfs are rich and lovely.

Another niece, following her example, which they first heard of in Germany, has used black and gold Egyptian scarfs in her boudoir. One is thrown across the grand piano, another is a table scarf and two make portieres in a single doorway. The furniture is mahogany and the walls are papered in dull gold. It is a striking room.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to "Experience" for the following suggestion:

For headache and sick headache often caused when traveling by inability to procure meals at the usual time; but if a few raisins are carried to eat at that time it will often prevent the headache. Raisins contain a great deal of nourishment, and eating them draws the blood from the head to the stomach.

A prize of \$1 has been awarded to Miss Madeline of 131 Ripka street, for the following suggestion:

I had a white crepe de chine waist which became yellow looking after the second washing. I bought a 5-cent roll of pink crepe paper, made boiling water, into which I dipped the pink crepe paper until the desired shade was had. I removed the paper, wet the waist with cold water and then dipped the waist in the colored water. After it was wet all over I immediately rinsed it in cold water and dried. Color will not come out. Result: I have a very pretty pale pink waist.

A prize of \$1 has been awarded to Amy Bell for the following suggestion:

If one is not so fortunate as to possess a wardrobe trunk a good substitute may be improvised, consisting of pasteboard folding boxes such as are used by clothes. An ordinary trunk will accommodate five or six oblong boxes, besides one tray.

They keep dainty things from being crushed and can be packed without the



SMART BLOUSES FOR AFTERNOON WEAR

tresome bending over necessitated by the usual method.

On the lid of each box paste a list of the contents, so that an article may be quickly located without tumbling over the whole trunk. There will be space left at one end of the trunk which may be snugly packed with shoes, each wrapped in paper; bundles of underwear or stockings tied with tapes and various small boxes held together with rubber bands and listed like the larger ones.

This plan has proved specially convenient for the girl who "lives in her trunk."

It all over with a clean white flannel cloth. Then shake it well in the open air. You will be surprised to find splendid results.

Woman and Her Ways

Queen Elizabeth of Belgium has a hobby of being photographed with her children.

Six women are now taking the agricultural course at the Wisconsin State College.

One-half of the women in the United States marry before they are 25 years old.

Mrs. Cunliffe Owen organized the sportsman's battalion of General Kitchen's army.

More than 600 women were in attendance at the recent suffrage convention held in Scranton, Pa.

Miss Mary Cox, of Montclair, N. J., has been sent to Serbia to act as a Red Cross nurse.

A SMART GIRL'S DIARY



Some New Blouses

I have just made a couple of very pretty waists at home, and feel delighted with the results. They were both made from the same pattern, too, and yet both look quite different.

The first waist is in a delicate shade of sand-colored satin. It is cut in kimono style and has three-quarter length sleeves, finished with a double frill of white lace and a narrow black velvet ribbon.

A very pretty vest of fine, plaited batiste is set in, and the collar is a double frill of upstanding lace, finished with a little cirelet of narrow black velvet ribbon. I have the French woman's strong belief in the "finishing touch" which a little black gives to any toilette, and always try to carry this idea out.

With this blouse I wear a wide, plaited skirt in a large plaid check design. The predominating color is sand, and the stripes are of brown. It is lucky that I happen to be rather slim, as otherwise I could not possibly wear a skirt of such fulness. The plait is brought all the way up to the high-waisted band, and there is a broad panel in the front.

My other new waist is in an exquisite shade of battleship-gray chiffon, cut also in the kimono style, with sleeves coming just below the elbow. A very pretty vest is set in and is of gray pussy-willow taffeta. This is outlined in silver braid, and the neck is cut in a deep V. I wear a high upstanding frill with this waist that almost smothera my chin and comes right up to the ears. I cannot say with any truthfulness that it is comfortable, but then pride feels no pain.

With this blouse of battleship gray I wear a very full black velvet skirt, the girle fastening in front with a dainty little bow. The small hat is of black satin, with a small cabuchon of silver braid at the back, and from this long ends hang down. It does not come off.

Just at present the waists come in such exquisite shades that one wishes for unlimited spending money. The new high collars, buttoning all the way up to the tip of the chin, are very severe and

Fashion's Forecast

Fashion's forecast for the spring season gives the following hints as to feminine apparel:

Capes will be popular as evening wraps, but will not be worn on the street.

The new waistline is gradually creeping up, and soon it will merge with the bustline.

Many of the new blouses have detachable collars, so that you can turn them up or down in front.

All the new handbags have jeweled clasps. The color of the lining should match the stone.

The muff collar is the newest thing. It stands high and wide at the back, but does not extend to the front.

The spring jackets are all very short, and the belts are getting higher and higher.

Evening gowns are showing the old Empire puffed sleeves.

Straight sailor hats with a bow on the crown are the first spring arrivals.

MARKET BASKET
NOT SO COSTLY THIS WINTER AS LAST
Prices of Vegetables and Other Food Products Kept Within Reasonable Bounds.

The open winter has proved a blessing in many ways to the breadwinner, but possibly the greatest benefit the mild season has brought is in the prices of food. Vegetables this year have been considerably cheaper than for many years; meats, too, are a trifle lower, while butter and eggs have failed to take their usual winter aeroplane trip.

Retailers in the Reading Terminal, Ridge avenue and 2d and South streets markets state that there is an abundance of food now, especially vegetables. And the best part about it is that it can get as "cold as snakes" now and food won't go up to any great extent. There is a large quantity of food in storage and in the households, so that a heavy, lasting cold spell would not be a disaster.

While the open season has been the main factor in keeping the prices of food down, retailers declare there is a general feeling of "good times" throughout the East. Crops have been good, hens have been laying and, despite the epidemic of hoof and mouth disease, cattle have been "pretty good."

Butter and eggs have been the most noticeably low this year, as compared to last year. Last year these two necessities took a ride in a dirigible and were almost out of sight until spring's advent, dropping bombshells upon the poor stock people. But biddy has been laying well this winter because she has had plenty of warm weather to go out and feed. Hens will not lay until they can run around and find gravel, and, said to say, they are timid of going out when it is cold.

Vegetables are more plentiful than they have been for many moons. String beans and peas have kept up the cold weather traditions of the vegetable family, but they are the only two that are up in the air at present. String beans are selling at 75 cents a half peck, while peas are going at \$1.50 a half peck.

Carrots, turnips and potatoes are the cheapest vegetables in the Philadelphia markets. The latter are selling at 15 cents a half peck, and turnips are low, too. Onions and sweet potatoes are "very reasonable," to use the language of the retailers.

Fruits have surprised the highest expectations of the consumer, and market men say they are cheaper this year than could ever be expected. Apples that sold for \$5.50 last year at this time are now as low as \$2.50. Oranges may be had for \$1.25 for a box of about 20. The most select oranges are only \$1.40 a box, and strawberries are going fast at 45 and 50 cents a box. Hothouse grapes sit on the throne of king high prices, and they are selling at \$1.25 and \$1.50 a pound.

Pork is lower than it was several weeks ago and much lower than it was the same time last year. All other lines of meats are stationary. The varieties that usually begin to scamper up the ladder of prices at this time of the year have failed to take the expected step. A complete price list of meats, poultry and fish from the prices charged by the three markets, follows (the prices are per pound unless otherwise stated):

5 lbs. beef, 18 to 20 cents; chuck roast, 15 to 20 cents; corned beef, 15 to 20 cents; round steak, 25 to 30 cents; sirloin, 35 cents; Delmonico steak, 35 cents; corned beef, 15 to 20 cents; legs of mutton, 25 shoulders of mutton, 15; necks of mutton, 15; breast of lamb, 15; hind quarters, 25; French chops, 30; necks, 15; breasts, 15; shoulders of veal, 15; loins of veal, 35; fillet, 35; cutlets, 35; fresh hams, 12; fresh shoulders, 15; pork fat, chops, 20; salt pork, 25; hams, 25, and lard, 15.

TEACH MOTHER "HOW TO BUY"

Housewives will be taught the methods of "short-weight" articles and how to circumvent the latter's designs at a "How to Buy" exhibition that opens Monday in City Hall courtyard under the direction of the Bureau of Weights and Measures. William F. Mincham, a special inspector of the bureau, will deliver lectures at 2 and 4 p. m. daily, while some of the latest and most useful scales, rods and

JOHN ERLIEGH, SCHOOLMASTER

A GRIPPING STORY OF LOVE, MYSTERY AND KIDNAPPING By CLAVER MORRIS
Author of "John Dredon, Solicitor."

Guy Wimberley, son of Anne, the Marchioness of Wimberley, is at Harprey School, of which John Erliegh is head master. John and Anne are engaged to be married. John Erliegh, who is a young man of 20, is a very handsome and popular fellow. He is a member of the Harprey School, and is a very good student. He is also a very good athlete, and is a member of the Harprey School team. He is a very good friend of Guy Wimberley, and is a very good friend of John Erliegh.

CHAPTER XXII

"Yes, sir," said Vertigan, "I think that new scheme will work very well. It is a pity to cut into the afternoons. And from my point of view I'd rather give an hour or two extra in the week and get my afternoons free."

"Very good, Vertigan. We will start next week. I will put up the notices on the board and give it out in Big School. Now there is another matter I wish to talk to you about—a private matter."

Vertigan smiled and his eyes narrowed to two slits. His whole manner seemed to change from that of an assistant master to that of a friend.

"If it's going to be a long talk," he said, "I think I'll smoke. Give me a cigar, if you need not trouble. I'll help myself."

He took a cigar from a box on the table, lit it, and repeated himself in his chair.

"I've recently learnt, Vertigan," said John Erliegh after a pause, "that you are a friend of my sister's."

"Oh, well—hardly a friend, Erliegh. We know each other—have known each other for some little time."

"You are also a friend of a certain Mr. Dick Merlet, a cousin of Lord Arthur's?"

"I do know the man, but he is not my friend. What are you driving at?"

For nearly a minute there was silence. Then Erliegh seated himself at his writing table, took a cigar from the box and lit it.

"Where is young Wimberley?" he said abruptly.

"My dear Erliegh, how on earth do I know?"

"You have an idea, eh?"

"Not in the least. Surely you don't think I had anything to do with his disappearance?"

"My sister thinks so."

"Then she's a fool. What is the boy to me?"

"Nothing; but your friend Dick Merlet is rather interested in him."

Vertigan laughed. "I suppose that is why I'm being shadowed," he said. "Well, it's got to stop, I tell you. It's got to stop."

"It is going to stop, my friend—very soon. Did I tell you that my sister came to me with some story of your having proposed to her, and that, by way of inducing her to accept your offer you told her that you had me in your power and that if she didn't marry you you'd hand me over to the law?"

"That's true enough."

"On the contrary, it's a lie. My sister threatened to betray you and Dick Merlet, and you said that if she did so you'd ruin me."

"Did she tell you that?"

"No—but I have put two and two together. Now, I want you to understand, Vertigan, that I'm not going to interfere with the course of justice in order to save my own skin."

"I don't understand you at all. What has your skin got to do with the source of justice?"

"My sister is going to give evidence to the police—evidence that will put them on the track of you and your sordidly accomplished."

"Really? Well, that is interesting—my dear Erliegh, you are talking nonsense. In the first place there is no evidence against me—why should there be against an innocent man? And, secondly, you're not going to ruin my career."

"I have thought of all that, Vertigan."

"And the school, eh? Have you thought of the school?"

John Erliegh made no reply. His face was white and stern. He leaned back in his chair, opened one of the drawers of the writing table a little way and then closed it again.

"It would be a bad job for the school, I'm afraid," said Vertigan after a pause, "and you see, you would gain nothing and lose everything."

"Where is Dick Merlet?"

"I do not know. Gone under, I expect. The last time I saw him he was broke to the world."

John Erliegh rested his chin on his hands and smoked in silence. He was beginning to realize that he might, as Vertigan had suggested, lose everything and gain nothing.

"Fifty thousand pounds," he said after a long silence, "that is the amount that the trustees of the estate are willing to pay to any one who will give evidence leading to the safe return of Lord Wimberley. It is a big sum, Vertigan."

"It is an enormous sum."

"And a free pardon to any one, not being the actual kidnapper of the boy, who will turn King's evidence."

Vertigan smiled.

"If I were such a person as you describe," he said, "I'd jump at the offer."

"Well, think it over, Vertigan. Perhaps this matter can be arranged amicably after all."

Vertigan threw away his cigar and lit a cigarette.

"Will you give me a month's holiday?" he said.

"A month's holiday?"

"Yes. Then I'll see if I can find Dick Merlet."

"It is a big sum, Vertigan."

"I cannot promise that. But it's possible."

"It is possible," Erliegh repeated slowly. "Then you intend you admit that you and Merlet have taken the boy?"

"I admit nothing. I have had no hand in the kidnapping of the boy. But it is possible that Dick Merlet has had something to do with it. If you will give me a month's holiday—you can say I'm ill and

want a change—I'll do what I can to earn \$250,000."

"Well, wherever you go the police will follow you."

"You must arrange that they do not do so. If I find the boy, I do not intend to share the money with any one else. I—"

The door opened and a servant entered the room.

"Mr. Russell would like to see you, sir," she said.

"Russell?" queried Erliegh. "Oh, yes—show him into the dining room, will you?"

The girl left the room and Erliegh turned to Vertigan.

"Shall I tell Russell of your proposal?" he queried.

"Yes—by all means. I have nothing to conceal. I have had no share in this business, but I know Dick Merlet well, and may be able to find him. If, however, the police take the line that I'm a guilty party going to turn King's evidence, I shall do nothing. Make that plain to Russell."

"Very well," said Erliegh, curtly, and he left the room.

"Well, Mr. Russell," he said, as he entered the dining-room. "Any news?"

"Yes, sir," the man answered thickly. "Dick Merlet is dead."

"Dead?" echoed Erliegh in a low voice. "Lord Wimberley dead? Oh, dear Heaven!"

He pressed his hand to his eyes and the inspector stood in respectful silence. He had been told by Murray to watch the headmaster closely and see how he received the terrible news.

For half a minute neither of the men spoke. Then Erliegh seemed suddenly to wake to life.

"How do you know this?" he said quietly. "Are you sure it is true? Who has told you? When did it happen? Tell me everything—at once."

"The poor young gentleman's body has been found, sir, he was wrecked out at sea. Won't you sit down, sir. Of course, this has come as a shocking blow to you, sir, and, indeed, to us all."

"Lady Wimberley? Does she know?"

"Not yet, sir. Lord Arthur is going on to Montserrat to tell her ladyship. They wished me to come round here and tell you, sir, I am sure you must feel it's upset me, and I hardly knew his young lordship."

John Erliegh sank into a chair and resting his arms on the table bowed his head between them. And he thought of the sturdy, sunny-faced boy, so full of the promise of honorable and useful manhood, as he realized this sudden blotting out of the young life, a low cry of pain broke from his lips. And behind this thought lay one even more terrible, the thought of the mother robbed of her only son—the boy that she worshipped and loved more than anything else in the world.

The inspector quietly seated himself in a chair and for a minute there was silence in the room. It was almost as though prayers were being said for the dead. Then suddenly Erliegh sprang to his feet, he struck the table with his hand, "they shall swing for it," he cried hoarsely, "they shall swing for it. Vertigan is in the library—quick—or the devil will escape us!" and he strode toward the door.

"But before he had reached it Russell was by his side and had caught him by the arm.

"Steady, sir, steady," he said. "Not yet. Wait until I have told you. The boy was not murdered, and Mr. Richard Merlet is dead—they were both drowned. They say that Mr. Merlet tried to save the boy's life."

The words seemed to sober Erliegh like a flood of cold water. He gasped for breath.

"You did not tell me," he stammered. "I was mad with rage—I am hardly myself. Let me know what you have to say—say it quickly."

"Please sit down, sir—and if I may suggest such a thing, just a drop brandy to steady the nerves; a cruel business, sir—but you must steady yourself."

(Continued tomorrow.)

(Copyright, 1914, by the Associated Newspapers, Ltd.)

HEINZ Spaghetti
COOKED READY TO SERVE

Prepared after a delicious recipe furnished by a famous Italian chef with cheese and tomato sauce, it is either a complete meal or an appetizing addition to a meal.

Put the can in boiling water fifteen minutes before serving.

ONE OF THE 57



Maison Bernard
OF FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

FINAL CLEARANCE SALE

AT THE
Bellevue Stratford
(RED PARLOR)

The following unusual reductions have been made in order to effect an absolute clearance during the last two days:

FUR COATS Of season's latest models and select pelts. formerly \$75 to \$250. Caracul, Baby Lamb, Hudson Seal, formerly \$150 to \$750.

FUR SETS Hudson Seal, Beavers, Blue Fox, Black Fox, Taupe Fox, formerly \$110 to \$235. Red Fox, Cross Fox.

EVENING WRAPS formerly \$75 to \$125. **\$35 to \$100**

EVENING GOWNS formerly \$45 to \$125. **\$25 to \$95**

AFTERNOON GOWNS formerly \$35 to \$75. **\$19 to \$35**

BLOUSES . . . formerly \$10, \$15 and \$25 . . . **\$5.00**

OPEN EVENINGS

DRICER & CO
FIFTH AVENUE AT FORTY-SIXTH
NEW YORK

RINGS—Emeralds, Diamonds, Pearls, Rubies, Sapphires— all of supreme quality—in DRICER settings, shown in great numbers in the Exhibition of DRICER Jewels now at the RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL Philadelphia

HELP NATURE HOLD YOUR HAIR CHARMS

Fluffiness, even color, brilliancy and softness are the attributes of healthy hair. Nature requires only cleanliness, especially freedom from dandruff, in exchange for hair beauty. You help Nature most when you assist her by the best method, to refresh and keep a perfectly clean healthy scalp. In washing the hair it is not advisable to use a makeshift, but always use a preparation made for shampooing only. You can get the best that is known for about 25 cents a shampoo by getting a package of casbox from your druggist. Dissolve a teaspoonful in a cup of warm water and your shampoo is ready. After its use the hair dries rapidly with uniform color. Dandruff, scales and dirt are dissolved and entirely disappear. Your hair will be so soft that it will look much heavier than it is. Its lustre and softness will delight you, while the stimulated scalp makes the hair healthy and grows.

M.B. Stewart
147 S. 13th St.
(COR. WALNUT)